

# Junkyard

Zac Brown Band

I have lived in a junkyard  
Where the weeds eat up the rain  
If you get anything there even out of place  
You know there's hell to pay  
And he said "you're as sick as you are lovely  
And in need of a hand"  
He tells me "you are never worthy"  
But I was just a child you see  
That's my reality

He had a sick little girl  
Dirty and hard  
With a breast plate made of metal  
She drives all day in her rusty Buick  
Her feet don't reach the pedals  
Got a jar of flies, father's disguise where his heart should be  
Her mouth is sewn together  
She screams with those eyes  
And he says she's as sick as she is lovely  
And in need of my hand  
Yeah he uses his hands  
He tells her "you are never worthy"  
She was all alone you see  
That's her reality

Should have been sleeping  
Should have been dreaming  
But I wake up to broken glass  
There'll be one more empty desk in my homeroom class  
I got an old bone pocket knife tight in my right hand  
To save my poor mother from the junkyard man  
And I say he's as sick as he is lovely  
And in need of a hand  
He will know he's not worthy  
Because he will die alone you see  
That's his reality

But I'm not sick  
I am lovely  
And hatred is the curse of man  
And I will not feel unworthy  
Because I have washed my hands you see  
That's my reality